



Huh? Is that supposed to be there?



39 0 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

"That is definitely not supposed to be lying on my front porch."

I woke up with a pile of snow on my face. My curtains blowing outside my window, close to coming off their hinges. The wind whispering the lullaby of death. I rush to shut it so I will no longer freeze. I struggle through the snow rushing into my bedroom. As I cautiously open my bedroom door I shout my mother's name. I shout it louder by the second. Out of the corner of my eye I see a strange blue light glistening in the center of my hallway. As I walk towards it, it seems to get brighter. I continue on the path of the mysterious light. It leads to my brother's room, then my sister's, and finally my mother's. No one... in any of them. I soon find my hand settled at the knob of my front porch. I slowly turn it and as soon as I begin to show a crack of light into my dark living room, my door flew open. And right before my eyes, was the body of my late father and the voices of my mother, brother, and sister echoing out of him. I feel a cold and dreadful breathe on the back of my neck. I turn around and there is my father's murderer. 6'8", with half a burnt face, a limp in his leg, and a crick in his neck. He couldn't get us all on the night my little brother's birth, so he came back to get us the night that was mine.

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